

HERE IS HOLSINGER.

H. R. HOLSINGER.

Some time ago, since the advent of Brother Gnagey editorial notice was made in the EVANGELIST, to a tract published during the transition stage of the Brethren church, entitled: "Where is Holsinger?" and applying the interrogation to me directly. In responding to the same I will say, first: That at the time said tract was published the question might have been answered with at least approximate correctness, by: "Almost everywhere." At the present time it might, with the same degree of propriety, be answered by "nowhere." The "whys and wherefores" of this great change I will not discuss. I am happy to say, I am still living and in the faith.

We are staying with our daughter Lottie near Michigan Bar, Sacramento county, Calif., and trying to make ourselves as useful as possible to those whose hospitality we are enjoying. The way things turned out at Rosena, where our home is, we could not make a living there, and having no money to invest in anything else, we came over here until we can get into something better, if that can be had *anywhere*. My investment is *safe*, but not remunerative for want of the means to make the necessary improvements, by planting, etc.

I did not write for the EVANGELIST because I didn't appear to have an inspiration. I have not been in church work, hence I had nothing to report, and to try to say something when I have nothing to say is folly against which I am very sensitive. Then there was always something to do about the place when I felt like working, and when I do not feel disposed to work I have no inclination to write. That is about the only explanation I have to offer.

The nearest I came to being inspired to write, was caused by the little "tilt" between Brethren Brown and Mackey, some time ago. I have always had a very warm brotherly feeling for Brother Mackey, because of his ability and modest demeanor, and I remember very distinctly how my sympathies were aroused for him, at a Convention at Berlin, Pa., by remarks in regard to "late arrivals," similar to those of Brother Brown; but I had ceased to regard him as a novice with us. And he did himself an injustice by taking upon himself the reflections of Brother Brown's article, as I know they were not intended for him. He has proven himself to be not only among us but *one of us*. However, while Brother Brown's remarks did not apply to Brother Mackey, they were very applicable to several other persons,

one of whom at least might had better health with less "doctoring." It is not manly to mimic any man up to a plug hat, even if he were all he pretended to be. It is wise policy dictated by divine revelation, to elevate men to positions of influence and authority in the church with great caution and according to their ability. Our national government has adopted civil service restraints from motives of self protection, and the church may find it the part of wisdom to adopt the same safeguard. We should treat all men with Christian civility and he who asks for more than that needs to be prayed for. There is no one more worthy of the congratulations and encouragements of the church than the sinner who comes to Christ through his ordinances. Yet such even must prove their sincerity by stability of living.

One thing I have observed: That every one of the ministers who came to us from other denominations and has proven faithful was contented with his wages and position, while those who have deceived and disgraced us were aspiring and restless. And so it will ever be, for there is no better way of foretelling the future than by observing the past. Let us profit by our experience.

We have been contemplating a visit to the eastern churches during the summer. Two things have been in the way thus far to its consummation: First, the means wherewith to travel; and second, my voice is still so weak that I fear I would not be able to do the amount of preaching that would be expected of me on such a tour. If we can raise the money, and receive encouragement from the churches to do so, we may yet venture upon the journey some time in the summer.

I am highly pleased with the prosperity of the church at large, as reported through the EVANGELIST, as well as with the improvements made upon the paper. The Lord bless the good work and all his faithful workers.

Michigan Bar, Calif., March 23.

WHAT did the Master mean when he saw the tax-gatherer, and said, "Come, follow me;" and when the other said, "Let me go and bury my father," still, "Come follow me?" It didn't matter, the necessity nor the exactness of the demand, it was, "Come, follow me." Running through the studio and study, through office and mart, through legislative hall and the streets, is still that cry, "Come follow me." I want not your "Amen," I want not your substitute, I don't want your ten per cent, I want *you*!

HOLY people make a holy land.

THE LEGEND OF THE TWO SACKS.

E. Y.

An ancient legend describes an old man traveling from place to place with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him. In the one behind him he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, which were soon quite hidden from view and forgotten.

In the one hanging around his neck, under his chin, he threw all the sins which his acquaintances committed, and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along day by day, which necessarily hindered his course. One day, to his surprise, he met a man coming slowly along, also wearing two sacks.

What have you here? asked the old man.

Why, my good deeds, replied number two. I keep these all before me, and take them out and air them frequently.

What is in the other big sack? asked the first traveler, it seems weighty.

Merely my little mistakes. I always keep them in the sack hanging over my back.

Presently the two travelers were joined by a third, who, strange to say, also carried two sacks, one under his chin and one on his back.

Let us see the contents of your sacks, exclaimed the first two travelers.

With all my heart, quoth the stranger, for I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack, said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, is full of the good deeds of others.

Your sack looks heavy, it must be very full; observed the old man.

There you are mistaken replied the stranger, they are big, but not heavy; the weight is only such as sails are to a ship. Far from being a burden, it helps me onward.

Well, your sack behind can be of little use to you, said number two, for it appears to be empty. And I see it has a hole in the bottom of it.

I did that on purpose, said the stranger, for the evil I hear of people I put in there, it falls through and is lost. So, you see I have no weight to drag me down backwards.

To have our hearts balanced on God as their center, and so balanced that under the ruder touches of temptation they may be moved to and fro like nicely-poised stones of the Druids, but like those stones always return to their rest—that is to be blessed indeed—to be blessed like the psalmist, who said, after some rough onset of Satan's, "I shall not be greatly moved."—*Lewiston*.